

# I Painted Your House

Oh No Oh My

I painted your house  
To pretty up the town  
I know what it's like  
When we're caught between a crowd

I know you feel alone  
Perhaps it's time we grow  
Get out on your own  
To build a better Rome

Run, head for the hills  
And bundle up the kids  
We're planning a plot  
And praying that our luck  
Gets better

I'm piling up my plates  
Counting what I've ate  
Because I've got places to go  
And I need to fit my clothes

I'm grabbing at straws  
And bringing you along  
Time can tell its tales  
And I only half as well

As long as I'm this far  
My face won't play the part  
Or fit into the mold  
To do what I've been told  
I painted your house  
To pretty up the town  
I try to be good  
But all I do is wrong

I know you feel alone  
Perhaps it's time we grow  
And get out on your own  
Build a better Rome

I've been on the road  
Trying to make a start  
And all my pretty things  
They just fall apart  
But now I'm coming home  
And bringing my guitar  
I let slip a god  
It's nothing that I want